

THE  
VVONDER  
of VVomen

Or

*The Tragedie of Sophonisba,*  
as it hath beene sundry times Acted  
at the *Blacke Friers.*

Written by IOHN MARSTON.



L O N D O N.

Printed by *Iohn Windes* and are to be sold  
neere *Ludgate.*

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## To the generall Reader.

**N**ow, that I haue not labored in this poeme, to tie my selfe to relate any thing as an historian but to inlarge euery thing as a Poet, To transcribe Authors, quote authorities, & translate Latin prose orations into English black-verse, hath in this subiect beene the least aime of my studies. Then (equall Reader) peruse me with no prepared dislike, and if ought shall displease thee thanke thy selfe, if ought shall please thee thanke not me, for I confesse in this it was not my onely end.

*Io. Marston.*

## Argumentum.

A gratefull harts iust haight : Ingratitude.  
 And vowes base breach with worthy shame  
 A womans constant loue as firm as fate (persu'd  
 A blamelesse Counsellor well borne for state  
 The folly to inforce free loue, These know  
 This subject with full light doth amply show.

## Interlocutores.

Massinissa. } Syphax, }	<i>Kings in Lybia rivals for So- phonisba.</i>	Scipio. } Lælius. } Vangue.	<i>Generals of Rome. An Ethiopian slave.</i>
Asdruball.	<i>Father to So- phonisba.</i>	Carthalon.	<i>A Senator of Carthage.</i>
Gelosso.	<i>A Senator of Carthage.</i>	Gisco.	<i>A Surgeon of Carthage.</i>
Bytheas.	<i>A Senator of Carthage.</i>	Nuntius. Sophonisba.	<i>Daughter to As- druball of Car- thage.</i>
Hanno Mag- nus.	<i>Captaine for Carthage.</i>	Zanthia. Erietho. Arcathia. } Nycea. }	<i>Her maide. An Inchantres. Waiting women to Sophonisba.</i>
Jugurth.	<i>Massinissas Ne- phew.</i>		

## Prologus.



# Prologus.

Cornets sound a march.

*Enter* at one dore the *Prologue*: too Pages with torches: *Asdrubal* and *Iugurth* too Pages with lights: *Massinissa* leading *Sophonisba*: *Zanthia* bearing *Sophonisbas* traine *Archathia* and *Nicea*: *Hano* and *Bytheas* At the other dore too Pages with targets and *Iauelines*, too Pages with lights, *Syphax* armd from top to toe, *Vangue* followes.

These thus entred, stand still, whilst the *Prologue* resting betweene both troupes speakes.

**T**He Sceane is *Lybia*, and the subiect thus.  
Whilst *Carthage* stood the onely awe of *Rome*,  
As most imperiall seate of *Lybia*,  
Gouernd by Statemen each as great as Kings  
(For 17. Kings were *Carthage* feodars)  
Whilst thus she florishd, whilst hir *Hannibal*  
Made *Rome* to tremble, and the Wals yet pale:  
Then in this *Carthage* *Sophonisba* liu'd  
The farre fam'd daughter of great *Asdrubal*,  
For whom (mongst others) potent *Syphax* sues  
And well grac'd *Massinissa* riuals him  
Both Princes of proud Scepters: but the lot  
Of doubtfull fauour *Massinissa* grac'd  
At which *Syphax* grows blacke: For now the night  
Yeelds loud resoundings of the nuptiall pompe:  
*Apollo* strikes his Harpe: *Hymen* his Torch  
Whilst lowring *Inno* with ill-boding eye  
Sits enuious at too forward *Venus*: Loe  
The instant night: And now yeworthier minds  
To whom we shall present a female glory  
(The wonder of a constancie so fixt  
That Fate it selfe might well grow enuious)

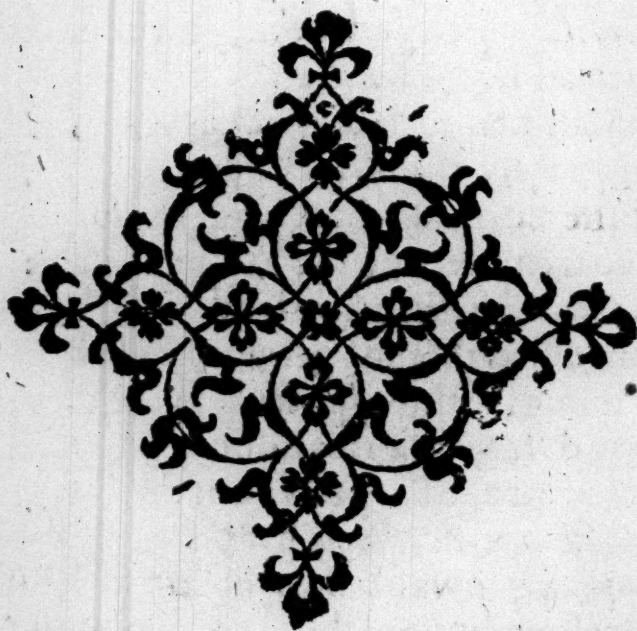
*The Tragedy of Sophonisba.*

Be pleas'd to sit such as may merrit oile  
And holy dew stil'd from diuiner heat,  
Forrest thus knowing, what of this you heare,  
The Author lowly hopes, but must not feare.

*For iust worth neuer rests on popular frowne,  
To haue done well is faire deeds onely crowne.*

*Nec se quismerit extra.*

*Cornets* sound a March, the Prologue leads *Massinissa*  
troupes ouer the Stage, and departs: *Syphax* troupes onely  
stay.



**Actus**



*The Tragedy of Sophonisba.*

*Actus Primi. Scena prima.*

*Syphax and Vangue.*

**S***Y*: *Syphax, Syphax*, why wast thou curst a King?  
What angry God made thee so great, so vile?  
Contemnd, disgraced, thinke, wert thou a slaue  
Though *Sophonisba* did reiect thy loue  
Thy low neglected head vnpointed at  
Thy shame vnrumord and thy sute vnskoffd  
Might yet rest quiet: *Reputation*  
Thou awe of fooles and greatmen: thou that choakst  
Freest addictions, and makst mortals sweat  
Bloud and cold drops in feare to loose, or hope  
To gaine thy neuer certaine seldome worthy gracings.

*Reputation!*

Wert not for thee *Syphax* could beare this skorne  
Not spouting vp his gall among his bloud  
In blacke vexations: *Massinissa* might  
Inioy the sweets of his preferred graces  
Without my dangerous Enuy or Reuenge  
Wert not for thy affliction all might sleepe  
In sweete obliuion: But (O greatnes skourge!)

*We cannot without Ennie keepe high name*

*Nor yet disgrac'd can haue a quiet shame.*

*Va. Scipio: - -*

*Sy. Some light in depth of hell: Vangue what hope?*

*Va. I haue receau'd assur'd intelligence*

*That Scipio Romes sole hope hath rais'd vp men*

*Drawne troupes together for inuasion - -*

*Sy. Of this same Carthage. Va. With this pollicie*

*To force wild Hannibal from Italy - - -*

*Sy. And draw the war to Affricke. Va. Right. Sy. And strike*

*This secure countrey with vnthought of armes*

*Va. My letters beare he is departed Rome*

*Directly setting course and sayling vp. - -*

*Sy. To Carthage, Carthage, O thou eternall youth*

*Man*

## The Tragedie of Sophonisba.

Man of large fame great and abounding glory  
Renouncfull *Scipio*, spread thy too-necked Eagles,  
Fill full thy sailes with a reuenging wind,  
Strike through obedient Neptune, till thy prowes  
Dash vp our *Lybian* ouse, and thy iust armes  
Shine with amazfull terror on these wals,  
O now record thy Fathers honord bloud  
Which *Carthage* drunke, thy Vncle *Publius* bloud  
Which *Carthage* drunke, 30000. soules  
Of choice *Italians* *Carthage* set on wing:

Remember *Hannibal*, yet *Hannibal*  
The consul-queller: O then inlarge thy hart  
Be thousand soules in one, let all the breath  
The spirit of thy name and nation be mixt strong  
In thy great hart: O fall like thunder shaft  
The winged vengeance of incensed Ioue

Vpon this *Carthage*: for *Syphax* here flies off  
From all allegiance, from all loue or seruice  
His (now freed) scepter once did yeeld this Cittie

Yee vniuersall Gods, *Light*, *Heate*, and *Ayre*  
Proue all vnblessing *Syphax* if his hands  
Once reare them selues for *Carthage* but to curse it.  
It had beene better they had changd their faith,  
Denide their Gods, then sleighted *Syphax* loue  
So fearefully will I take vengeance.

Ile interleague with *Scipio*. *Vongue.*

Deere *Ethiopian* *Negro*, goe wing a vessell  
And fly to *Scipio*: say his confederate  
Vowd and confirmd is *Syphax*: bidd him hast  
To mix our palmes and armes: will him make vp  
Whilst we are in the strength of discontent  
Our vn suspected forces well in armes

For *Sophonisba*, *Carthage*, *Asdruball*  
Shall feele their weaknes in preferring weaknes  
And one lesse great then we, to our deere wishes  
Haste gentle *Negro*, that this heape may knowe  
Me, and their wronge: *Va*: Wronge? (stronge

*Sy*. I, tho twere not, yet knowe while Kings are



## The Tragedie of Sophonisba.

What thei'le but thinke and not what is, is wrong  
I am disgrac'd in, and by that which hath  
No reason, *Loue*, and *Woman*, my reuenge  
Shall therefore beare no argument of right  
*Passion is Reason* when it speakes from Might  
*I tell thee, man, nor Kings, nor Gods exempt*  
*But they grow pale if once they find Contempt: haste.*  
*Exeunt.*

### Scena Secunda.

*Enter, Arcathia, Nycea with Tapers Sophonisba in  
her night attyre followed by Zanthia.*

So. Watch at the dore: and till we be repof'd  
Let no one enter: *Zanthia* vndoe me.  
Za. With this motto vnder your girdle  
*You had bin vndone if you had not bin vndone* humblest seruice.  
So. I wonder *Zanthia* why the custome is  
To vse such *Ceremonie* such strict shape  
About vs women: forsooth the Bride must steale  
Before her Lord to bed: and then delaies  
Long expectations all against knowne wishes  
I hate these figures in locution  
These about phrases forc'd by *ceremonie*  
We must still seeme to flie what we most seeke  
And hide our selues from that we faine would find vs  
Let those that thinke and speake and doe iust actes  
Know forme can giue no vertue to their actes  
Nor detract vice.  
Za. 'las faire Princes, those that are strongly form'd  
And truely shapt may naked walke, but we  
We things cal'd women, onely made for show  
And pleasure, created to beare children  
And play at shuttle-coke, we imperfect mixtures  
without respectiue *ceremone vs'd*  
And euer complement, alas what are we?  
Take from vs formall custome and the curtesies  
B Which

## *The Tragedie of Sophonisba.*

Which ciuill fashion hath still vs'd to vs  
We fall to all contempt, O women how much  
How much are you beholding to *Ceremony*,  
*So.* You are familiar. *Zanthia* my shooe,  
*Za.* Tis wonder Madam you treade not awry.  
*So.* Your reason *Zanthia*. *Za.* You goe very high.  
*So.* Harke, Musicke, Musicke.

The Ladies lay the Princes in a faire bed, and close  
the curtaines whil'st *Massinissa* Enters.

*Ni.* The Bridgrome. *Arca.* The Bridgrome  
*So.* Hast good *Zanthia*, helpe, keepe yet the dores  
*Za.* Faire fall you Lady, so, admit admit.

*Enter* Foure boyes antiquely attiered with bows and quiuers  
dauncing to the *Cornets*, a phantastique measure, *Massi-*  
*nissa* in his night gowne led by *Asdruball* and  
*Hanno* followed by *Bytheas* and *Iugurth*, the  
boyes draw the Curtaines discou-  
ring *Sophonisba* to whom  
*Massinissa* speakes.

*Ma.* You powers of ioy: Gods of a happie bed  
Show you are pleas'd, sister and wife of *Ioue*  
High fronted *Iuno* and thou *Carthage* Patron  
Smoth chind *Appollo*, both giue modest heat  
And temperat graces.

*Mass.* drawes a white ribbon forth of the  
bed as from the waste of *Sopho*.

*Mas.* Loe I vnloose thy waste  
She that is iust in loue is Godlike chaste: Io to *Hymen*.

*Chorus with cornets, Organ, and voices.* Io to *Hymen*.

*So.* A modest silence tho'te be thought  
A virgins beautie and hir highest honor  
Though bashfull fainings nicely wrought  
Grace hir that vertue takes not in, but on hir  
What I dare thinke I boldly speake

After my word my well bold action russeth



## The Tragedie of Sophonisba.

In open flame then passion breake

Where *Vertue* prompts, thought word, act neuer blusheth,  
Reuenging Gods whose Marble hands

Crush faithlesse men with a confounding terror  
Giue me no mercy if these bands

I couet not with an vnfaigned feruor

Which zealous vow when ought can force me t'lame

Load with that plague *Atlas* would groane at, shame. *Io to Himē,*

*Chorus. Io to Hymen.*

*Asdr.* Liue both high parents of so happy birth

Your stemms may touch the skies and shaddow earth

Most great in fame more great in vertue shining

Prosper O powers a iust, a strong diuining. *Io to Hymen.*

*Chorus. Io to Hymen.*

*Enter Carthalo* his sword drawne, his body wounded, his  
shield strucke full of darts: *Massin.* being  
reddy for bedde.

*Car.* To bold harts Fortune, be not you amazd

*Carthage* O *Carthage*: be not you amazd.

*Ma.* Ioue made vs not to feare, resolute, speake out  
The highest misery of man is doubt: Speake *Carthalo.*

*Car.* The stooping Sun like to some weaker Prince

Let his shads spread to an vnnaturall hugenessse

When we the campe that lay at *Vtica*

From *Carthage* distant but fve easie leagues

Discrie from of the watch three hundred saile

Vpon whose tops the *Roman* Eagles streachd

Their large spread winges, which fan'd the euening ayre

To vs cold breath, for well we might discerne

*Rome* swam to *Carthage*.

*Asd.* *Hanniball* our ancor is come backe, thy flight

Thy Stratagem to lead warre vnto *Rome*

To quite our selues, hath taught now desperat *Rome*

T'assaile our *Carthage*, Now the warre is here.

*B e*

*Ma,*

*The Tragedie of Sophonisba.*

*Ma.* He is nor bleſſd nor honeſt that can feare.

*Ha.* I but to caſt the worſt of our diſtreſſe. - -

*Ma.* To doubt of what ſhall be is wretchedneſſe

*Deſier, Feare, and Hope,* receaue no bond

By whom, we in our ſelues are neuer but beyond. *On.*

*Car.* Th'allarum beates neceſſitie of fight

Th'vnſober euening drawes out reeling forces

Souldiers halfemen, who to their colors troupe

With fury, not with valor : whilſt our ſhips

Vnrigd, vnusd, fitter for fier then water

We ſaue in our bard hauen from ſurpriſe.

By this our army marcheth toward the ſhore,

Vndisciplind young men moſt bold to doe

If they knew how, or what, when we diſcrie

A mightie duſt beate vp with horſes houes

Straight Roman enſignes glitter : *Scipio.*

*Aſd. Scipio.*

*Car.* *Scipio* aduaunced like the God of blood

Leads vp grim war, that father of foule wounds

Whoſe ſinowy feete are ſteepd in gore, whoſe hideous voice

Makes turrets tremble, and whole Citties ſhake

Before whoſe browes flight and diſorder hurry

With whom March *Burnings, murder, wrong, waſte, rapes*

Behind whom a ſad traine is ſcene, *Woe, Feares*

*Tortures, Leane, Neede, Famine,* and helpleſſe teares

Now make we equall ſtand in mutuall vew

We iudg'd the *Romans* 18. thouſand foote

3000. Horſe, we almoſt doubled them

In number not in vertue : yet in heate

Of youth and wine iolly and full of bloud.

We gaue the ſigne of battle : ſhouts are raiſd

That ſhooke the heauens : *Pell Mell* our armys ioyne

Horſe, targets, pikes all againſt each appoſd

They giue fierce ſhoke, arms thundred as they cloſd

Men couer earth which ſtraight are couered

With men and earth : yet doubtfull ſtood the fight

More faire to *Carthage* ; when loe as oft you ſee



## The Tragedie of Sophonisba.

In mines of gold, when laboring slaues delue out  
The richest ore, being in suddaine hope  
With some vnlookt for vaine to full their buckets  
And send huge treasure vp, a suddaine damp  
Stifles them all, their hands yet stuffd with gold  
So fell our fortunes for looke as yee stood proud  
As hopefull victors, thinking to returne  
With spoiles worth triumph, wrathfull *Syphax* lands  
With full ten thousand strong *Numidian* horse  
And ions to *Scipio*, then loe we all were damp't  
We fall in glusters and our wearied troups  
Quit all: slaughter ran throw vs straight, we flie  
*Romans* pursue, but *Scipio* sounds retraite  
As fearing traines and night: we make amaine  
For *Carthage* most, and some for *Vtica*  
All for our liues: new force, fresh armes with speed  
You haue said truth of all: no more. I bleede.  
*By.* O wretched fortune. *Mas.* Old Lord spare thy haynes  
What dost thou thinke baldnesse will cure thy greefe  
What decree the *Senate*?

*Enter Gello* with Commissions in his hand scald.

*Gelo.* Aske old *Gello* who returnes from them  
Informd with fullest charge strong *Asdruball*  
Great *Massinissa* *Carthage* Generall  
So speakes the *Senate*: Counsell for this warre  
In *Hanno magnus*, *Bytheas*, *Cartholon*.  
And vs *Gello* rests: Imbrace this charge  
You neuer yet dishonord. *Asdruball*  
High *Massinissa* by your vowes to *Carthage*  
By God of great-men *Glory*, fight for *Carthage*  
Ten thousand strong *Massilians* readie troupt  
Expect their King, double that number waies  
The leading of loud *Asdruball*; beate lowde  
Our *Affrike* drummes, and whil'st our o're-toild foe  
Snore on his unlac'd cask, all faint though proud  
Through his successfull fight strike fresh allarmes  
Gods are not if they grace not bold iust armes.

## The Tragedie of Sophonisba.

*Mass.* Carthage thou straight shalt know  
Thy fauoures haue beene done vnto a king.

*Exit with Asdruball and the Page.*

*Soph.* My Lordst, is most vnusuall such sad haps  
Of suddaine horror, should intrude mong beds  
Of soft and priuate loues; but strange euent  
Excuse strange form's. O you that know our bloud  
Reuenge if I doe faine: I here protest  
Though my Lord leaue his wife a very mayde,  
Euen this night instead of my soft armes  
Clasping his well strong lims with glossfull Steele,  
Whats safe to Carthage shall be sweete to me.  
I must not, nor I am once ignorant  
My choise of loue hath giuen this suddain dāger  
To yet strong Carthage: 'twas I lost the fight,  
My choice yext Syphax inrag'd Syphax struk  
Armes fate: yet Sophonisba not repents,

*O we were Gods if that we knew euent.*

But let me Lord leaue Carthage, quit his virtue  
I will not loue him, yet must honor him,  
As still good Subjects must badd Princes: Lords  
From the most ill-grac'd Hymene all bedde  
That euer Iuno frown'd at, I intreat  
That you'le collect from our loose form'd speach  
This firme resolute: that no loe Appetite  
Of my sex weaknes, can or shall overcome  
Due gratefull seruice vnto you, or virtue.  
Witness ye Gods I neuer vntill now  
Repin'd at my creation; now I wish  
I were no woman, that my armes might speake  
My hart to Carthage: but in vaine, my tongue  
Sweares I am woman still: I talke to long.

Cornets a march! Enter two Pages with targets  
and Iauelin two Pages with torches.

*Massinissa* arm'd a cape a pee.

*Asdruball*  
arm'd.

*Ma.*



## The Tragedie of Sophonisba.

*Ma.* Ye *Carthage* Lords: know *Massinissa* knowes  
Not only terms of honor: but his actions  
Nor must I now inlarge how much my cause  
Hath dangerd *Carthage* but how I may show  
My selfe most prest to satisfaction

The loathsome staine of Kings *Ingratitude*  
From me O much befarre, and since this torrent  
Warres rage admits no Ancor: since the billow  
Is risen so high we may not hull but yeelde  
This ample state to stroke of speedy swords

What you with sober hast hath well decreed  
Weele put to suddaine armes: no not this night  
These dainties this first fruits of nuptials  
That well might giue excuse for feeble lingsings  
Shall hinder *Massinissa*. *Appetite*

Kisses, loues, dalliance and what softer ioyes  
The *Venus* of the pleasingst ease can minister  
I quit you all: *Vertue* perforce is *Vice*  
But he that may, yet holds, is manly wise  
Loe then ye Lords of *Carthage*, to your trust  
I leaue all *Massinissas* treasure by the oath  
Of right good men stand to my fortune iust.

*Most hard it is for great harts to mistrust.*

*Car.* We vow by all high powers. *Ma.* No. doe not sweare.  
I was not borne so small to doubt or feare.

*So.* Worthy my Lord. *Ma.* Peace my cares are Steele  
I must not heare thy much inticing voice.

*So.* By *Massinissa*, *Sophonisba* speakes

Worthy his wife: goe with as high a hand  
As worth can reare, I will not stay my Lord  
Fight for our country, vent thy youthfull heate  
In field not beds, the fruite of honor *Fame*  
Be rather gotten then the oft disgrace  
Of haplesse parents, children, goe best man  
And make me proud to be a soldiers wife  
That valews his renoune aboue faint pleasures  
Thinke euery honor that doth grace thy sword  
Trebbles my loue: by thee I haue no lust

## The Tragedie of Sophonisba.

But of thy glory: best lights of heauen with thee  
Likewonder stand, or fall, so though thou die  
My fortunes may be wretched, but not I.

*Mas.* Wondrous creature, euen fit for Gods not men  
Nature made all the rest of thy faire sex  
As weake essaies, to make thee a patterne  
Of what can be in woman. Long Farewell.  
Hees sure vnconquer'd in whom thou dost dwell  
*Carthage Palladium.* See that glorious lampe  
Whose lifefull presence giueth suddaine flight  
To phancies, fogs, feares, sleepe, and slothfull night  
Spreads day vpon the world: march swift amaine  
Fame got with losse of breath is godlike gaine.

The Ladies draw the curtaines about *Sophonisba*,  
the rest accompany *Massinissa* forth, the  
*Cornets* and *Organs* playing loud  
full Musicke for the Act.

Actus Primi.

FINIS.

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## Actus Secundi.

Scena Prima.

Whil'st the Musicke for the first *Act* soundes *Hanno*, *Carthalo*, *Bytheas*, *Gelosso* enter: They place themselues to  
Counsell, *Gisco* th' imposer waiting on them, *Hanno*,  
*Carthalo*, and *Bytheas*, setting their hands  
to a writing, which being offer'd to  
*Gelosso*, he denies his hand, and  
as much offended impati-  
ently starts vp and  
speakes.

*Gelisso.*



## The Tragedie of Sophonisba.

*Gelasso. Hanno. Bythes. Carthalo.*

**G**EL. My hand? my hand? rotte first, wither in aged flames  
**Han.** Wil you be so vnseasonably wood?

**Byt.** Hold such prepollentous zeale as stand against  
the full decree of Senate? all think fitte.

**Car.** Nay most vneuitable necessarie  
For Carthage safety, and the now sole good  
Of present state, that wee must breake all faith  
With *Massinissa*: whilst he fights abroad  
Lets gaine backe *Syphax*, making him our owne  
By giuing *Sophonisba* to his bed.

**Han.** *Syphax* is *Massinissas* greater, and his force  
Shall giue more fide to *Carthage*; as fors queene  
And her wife father, they loue *Carthage* fate,

*Profit, and Honesty, are one in state.*

**Gel.** And what decrees our very vertuous senate  
Of worthy *Massinissa* that now fightes  
and (leauing wife and bed) bleeds in good armes  
For right old *Carthage*? **Car.** Thus tis thought fit  
Hir father *Asdruball* on sudeine shall take in  
Reuolted *Siphax*; so with doubled strength  
Before that *Massinissa* shall suspect,  
Slaughter boeth *Massinissa* and his troupes,  
And likewise strike with his deepe stratagem  
A sudeine weaknes into *Scipios* armes,  
By drawing such alim from the maine body  
Of his yet powerfull armie: which being don  
Dead *Massinissas* kingdom we decree  
To *Sophonisba* and great *Asdruball*  
For their consent, so this swift plot shall bring  
Two crowns to hir, make *Asdruball* a king.

**Gel.** So first faithes breach, adultery, murder, theft,

**Car.** What els? **Gel.** Nay all is don no mischeif left

**Car.** Pish prosperous successe giues blackest actions glory,  
The means are vnremembred in most story.

**Gel.** Let me not say Gods are not. **Car.** This is fit

C

Conquest

## The Tragedie of Sophonisba.

Conquest by bloud is not so sweet as wit,  
For how so ere nice vertue censures of it,  
He hath the grace of warre, that hath wars profit.  
But Carthage well aduise, that states comes on,  
With slow aduice, quicke execution,  
Haue here an Engineere long bred for plots,  
Cal'd an impoisoner, who knows this sound excuse,  
*The onely dew that makes men sprout in Courtes, is vse,*  
*Be't well or ill, his thrift is to be mute,*  
*Such slaues must act commands, and not dispute.*  
*Knowing foule deedes with danger do begin*  
*But with rewardes do end: Sin is no sin*  
*But in respects. --*

*Gel.* Politique Lord, speake low tho heauen beares  
A face far from vs, Gods haue most long eares,  
*Ioue* has a hundred marble marble hands

*Car.* O I, in Poetry or Tragique sceane.

*Gel.* I feare Gods onely know what Poets mean.

*Car.* Yet heare me: I will speake close truth and  
Nothing in Nature is vnseruifable, (cease,  
No, not euen *Inuility* it selfe,  
Is then for nought dishonesty in beeing;  
And if it be somtimes of forced vse,  
Wherein more vrgent then in sawing nations  
State shapes are fodderd vp, with base, nay faulty.  
Yet necessary functions; some must lie,  
Some must betray, some murder, and some all,  
Each hath strong vse, as poyson in all purges  
Yet when some violent chance shall force a state,  
To breake giuen faith, or plot some stratagems,  
Princes ascribe that vile necessity  
Vnto Heauens wrath: and sure tho't be no vice,  
Yet t'is bad chance: states must not stick to nice  
For *Masiniſſas* death sence bids forgiue  
Beware to offend greate men and let them liue  
For tis of empires body the mayne arme,  
*He that will do no good shall doe no harme: yow haue my mind.*

*Gel.* Although a stagelike passion & weake heate



## The Tragedie of Sophonisba.

Full of an empty wording might sute age  
 Know Ile speake strongly truth: Lordes neere  
 That he who'le not betray a priuate man (mistrust  
 For his country, will neer betray his country  
 For priuate men; then giue *Gelosso* faith  
 If treachery in state be seruiceable,  
 Let hangmen doe it: I am bound to loose  
 My life but not my honour for my country;  
 Our vow, our faith, our oath, why th'are our selues  
 And he thats faithlesse to his proper selfe,  
 May be excusd if he breake faith with princes;  
 The Gods assit just hearts, & states that trust,  
 Plots before *Providence* are tost like dust.  
 For *Masiniſſa*: (O let me slake a little  
 Austere discourse and feele *Humanitie*)  
 Me thinks I heare him cry. O fight for *Carthage*,  
 Charge home, wounds smart not, for that so just so  
 So good a Citty: me thinks I see him yet (great  
 Leaue his faire bride euen on his nuptiall night  
 To buckle on his armes for *Carthage*: Harke-  
 Yet, yet, I heare him cry-- *Ingratitude*  
 Vile staine of man. O ouer be most far  
 From *Masiniſſas* breast: vp, march amaine,  
 Fame got with losse of breath, is godlike gaine.  
 And see by this he bleedes in doubtfull fight:  
 And cries for *Carthage*, whilst *Carthage*-- *Memory*  
 Forsake *Gelosso*, would I could not think:  
 Nor heare, nor bee, When *Carthage* is  
 So infinitely vile: see see looke here,

*Cornets. Enter two Vſhers. Sophonisba. Zanthia. Arcathia. Hannu  
 Bytheas and Carthalo present Sophonisba with a paper,  
 which ſhee hauing perused, after a  
 ſhort ſilence ſpeakes*

Who ſpeakes? what mute? fair plot: what? blush to breake it?  
 How lewd to act when ſo ſham'd but to ſpeake it.  
*So. Is this the Senates firme decrees Car. It is.*

## The Tragedy of Sopbonisba.

*Sopho.* Is this the Senates firme decree? *Car.* It is

*Sopho.* Hath *Syphax* entertaind the stratagem?

*Car.* No doubt he hath, or will. *So.* My answers  
Whats safe to *Carthage*, shall be sweet to me (thus,

*Car.* Right worthy *Ha.* Roialest *Ge.* O very wo

*So.* But tis not safe for *Carthage* to destroy, (man!

Be most vniust, cunninglie politique,

Your heads still vnder Heauen, O trust to fate,

*Gods prosper more a iust then crafty state.*

*Tis lesse disgrace to haue a pitied losse*

*Then shamefull victory.* *Ge.* O very Angel!

*So.* We all haue sworne good *Massinissa* faith,

Speach makes vs men, and thers no other bond

Twixt man and man, but words: O equall Gods

Make vs once know the consequence of vowes--

*Ge.* And wee shall hate faith-breakers worse then man-eaters

*So.* Ha! good *Gelisso* is thy breath not here?

*Ge.* You doe me wrong as long as I can die,

Doubt you that old *Gelasso* can be vile?

Statesmay afflict, tax, orture, but our mindes

Are oly sworne to *Ioue*: I greiue and yet am proud

That I alone am honest: high powers you know

Virtue is seldom scene with troupes to goe.

*So.* Excellent man *Carthage* & *Rome* shall fall

Before thy fame: our Lords know I the worst.

*Car.* The Gods foresaw, tis fate we thus are forc'd.

*So.* Gods naught foresee, but see, for to their eyes

Naught is to come, or past, Nor are you vile

Because the Gods foresee: for Gods and We

See as things are things are not, for we see

But since affected wisdom in vs Women

Is our sex highest folly: I am silent,

I cannot speake lesse well, vnlesse I were

More void of goodnesse: Lordes of *Carthage*, thus

The ayre and earth of *Carthage* owes my body,

It is their seruant; what decree they of it?

*Car.* That you remoue to *Cirta*, to the pallace

Of well form'd *Syphax*, who with longing eyes

Meetes you: he that giues way to Fate is wise.



## The Tragedy of Sophonisba.

**So.** I goe: what power can make me wretched? what  
Is there in life to him, that knowes lifes losse (euill  
To be no euill: show, show thy vglyest brow  
O most blacke chaunce: make me a wretched story  
*Without misfortune Vertue hath no glorie*  
Opposed trees makes tempests show their power  
And waues forc'd back by rocks makes *Neptune* tower  
Tearelesse O see a miracle of life  
A maide, a widdow, yet a haplesse wife.

**Cornets.** *Sopho. accompanied with the Senators depart,  
onely Gelloso staies.*

**Ge.** A prodegy! let nature run crosse legd  
**Ops** goe vpon thy head, let *Neptune* burne  
Cold *Saturne* cracke with heate for now the world  
Hath scene a *Woman*:  
Leape nimble lightning from *Ioues* ample shield  
And make at length, an end, the proud hot breath  
Of thee contemning *Greatnesse*, the huge drought  
Of sole selfe louing vast *Ambition*.  
Th'vnnaturall scorching heate of all those lamps  
Thou reard'st to yeeld a temperate fruitfull heat  
Relentlesse rage whose hart hath no one drop  
Of humane pittie: all all loudly cry  
Thy brand O *Ioue*, for know the world is dry  
O let *A generall end* saue *Carthage* fame  
When worlds doe burne vnseens a Citties flame.  
*Phœbus* in me is great: *Carthage* must fall  
*Ioue* hats all vice but vows breach worst of all. *Exit.*

**Scena Secunda.** *Cornets sound a charge: Enter Massinissa in his  
gorget and shert, shield, sword, his arme transfixt with a dart  
Ingurth followes with his curaes and caske.*

**Mas.** Mount vs againe, giue vs another horse  
**Ing.** Vncle your bloud flows fast, pray ye withdraw  
**Mas.** O *Ingurth* I cannot bleed too fast. too much  
For that so great, so iust so royall *Carthage*  
My wound smarts not, blouds losse makes me not faint.

## The Tragedy of Sophonisba.

For that lou'de Citty, O Nephew let me tell thee,  
How good that *Carthage* is: it nourishd me,  
And when full time gaue me fit strength for loue,  
The most adored creature of the citty.  
To vs before great *Syphax* did they yeeld,  
Faire, noble, modest, and boue all, my,  
My *Sophonisba*, O *Iugurth* my strength doubles  
I know not how to turne a coward, drop  
In feeble basenes, I cannot: giue me horse,  
Know I am *Carthage* very creature, and I am gracie,  
That I may bleed for them: giue me fresh horse.  
*Iug.* He that doth publike good for multitude,  
Findes few are truely gratefull,  
*Mas.* O *Iugurth*, fie you must not say so, *Iugurth*,  
Some common weales may let a noble hart,  
Too forward bleeds abroad and bleed bemoand,  
But not reuengd at home, but *Carthage*, fie  
It cannot be vngrate, faithles through feare,  
It cannot *Iugurth*: *Sophonisba's* there,  
Beat a fresh charge.

*Enter Asdrubal his sword drawne reading a letter Gisco follows him*

*Asd.* Sound the retraite, respect your health braue Prince,  
The waste of blood throw's palenes on your face,  
*Ma.* By light, my harts not pale: O my lou'd father,  
We bleed for *Carthage* Balsum to my woundes,  
We bleede for *Carthage*: shals restore the fight?  
My squadron of *Massulians* yet stands firme.  
*Asd.* The day lookes off from *Carthage* cease all arms  
*A modest temperance is the life of armes,*  
Take our best surgeon *Gisco*, he is sent  
From *Carthage* to attend your chance of warre,  
*Gis.* We promise sudden ease. *Ma.* Thy cōtorts good  
*Asd.* That nothing can secure vs but thy blood:  
Infuse it in his wound, t'will worke amaine,  
*Gis.* O loue, *Asd.* What loue? thy God must be thy gain  
And as for me. *Apollo Pythean*

Thou



*The Tragedy of Sopbonista.*

Thou know'st, a statish must not be a man.

*Exit Adra.*

*Enter Gelosso disguised like an olde soldier, deliuering to Massinissa (as he preparing to be dressed by Gisco) letter which Massinissa reading, starts and speakes to Gisco.*

*Ma.* Forbeare, how art thou cald? *Gi.* Gisco my Lord.

*Mas.* Vm, Gisco, ha, touch not mine arme, most onely man,  
*to Gelasso.*

Sirrha, firrha, art poore? *Gi.* not poore. *Ma.* Nephew cōmand  
*Massinissa begins to drane.*

Our troupes of horse make indisgracde retraite,  
Trot easie off: not poore: *Iugurth* giue charge,  
My souldiers stand in square battalia, *Exit Iugurth.*  
Intirely of themselues: *Gisco* th'art old,  
Tis time to leaue off murder, thy faint breath,  
Scarce heaues thy ribs, thy gummy bloud-shut eyes,  
Are funke a great way in thee, thy lanke skinne,  
Slides from thy fleshleshe veines: be good to men,  
Iudge him yee Gods, I had not life to kill  
So base a Creature, hold *Gisco* ( ) liue,  
The God-like part of Kings is to forgiue,  
*Gi.* Command astonishd *Gisco.* *Mas.* No returne.  
Haste vnto *Carthage*: quit thy abiect feares,  
*Massinissa* knowes no vse of murderers.

*Enter Iugurth amaze, his sword drawne.*

Speake, speake, let terror strike slaues mute.  
Much danger makes great hartes most resolute,  
*Ing.* Vnkle I feare foule armes, my selfe beheld,  
*Syphax* on high speed run his well breathde horse,  
Direct to *Cirta* that most beauteous Citty,  
Of all his kingdome: whilst his troupes of horse  
With careles trot pace gently toward our campe,  
As friendes to *Carthage*, stand on guard deere vnkle:  
For *Asdrubal* with yet his well rankt armie,  
Bends a deepe threatning brow to vs as if,

*He*

## The Tragedy of Sophonisba.

He waited but to ioyne with Syphax horse ;  
And hew vs all to peeces : O my King  
My Vncle, Father, Captaine O ouer *All*  
Stand like thy selfe or like thy selfe now fall  
Thy troups yet hold good ground : Vnworthy  
Betray not *Massinissa*. *Ma. Iugurth* pluck (wounds  
Pluck, so, good cuz. *Iug.* O God doe you not feelee?  
*Mas.* Not *Iugurth* no, now all my flesh is Steele.  
*Gela.* Of base disguise : *High lights* scorne not to vew  
A true old man : vp *Massinissa* throw  
The lot of battle vpon *Syphax* troups  
Before he ioyne with *Carthage* : then amaine  
Make through to *Scipio*, he yeelds safe abods  
Spare treacherie, and strike the very Gods.  
*Mas.* Why wast thou borne at *Carthage*, O my fate  
Diuinest *Sophonisba* ! I am full  
Of much complaint, and many passions,  
The least of which exprest would sad the Gods  
And strike compassion in most ruthlesse hell  
Vp vnmaid hart spend all thy greefe and rage  
Vpon thy foe : the fields a soldiers stage  
On which his action shows : If you are iust  
And hate those that contemne you, O you Gods  
Reuenge worthy your anger, your anger, O,  
Downe man, vp hart, stoup *lowe* and bend thy chin  
To thy large brest, giue signeth'art pleas'd, and iust  
Swear, good mens forheads must not print the dust  
*Exeunt.*

*Scena Tertia. Enter Asdruball, Hanno,  
Bytheas.*

*As.* What *Carthage* hath decreed, *Hanno* is done  
Aduanced and borne was *Asdruball* for state  
Onely with it his faith, his loue, his hate  
Are of one peece : were it my daughters life  
That fate hath song to *Carthage* safetie brings  
What deed so red but hath beene done by Kings ?

*Ephigmenia.*



## The Tragedie of Sophonisba.

*Ephigia*, he thats a man for men,  
Ambitious as a God, must like a God  
Liue cleare from passions, his full aime attend  
Immence to others, sole selfe to comprehend  
Round in's own globe, not to bee claps'd but holds  
Within him all, his hart being of more foldes  
Then sheeld of *Telamon* not to be peirced tho struck  
The God of wisemen is themselues, not lucke.

*Enter Gisco.* See him by whom now *Massinissa* is not  
*Gisco* i't done? *Gis.* Your pardon worthy Lord,  
It is not don, my heart funke in my breast,  
His virtue mazd me, faintnes scafd me all,  
*Some Gods in Kinges that will not let them fall.*

*As.* His virtue mazde thee, (vm) why now I see  
Thart that iust man that hath true touch of blood,  
Of pittie and soft piety: Forgiue?  
Yes honour thee, wee did it but to trye  
What sence thou hadst of blood: goe *Bytheas*  
Take him into our priuate treasurie  
And cut his throate, the slaue hath all betraide.  
*By.* Are you assured? *As.* Afeard for this I know  
*Who thinketh to buy villany with golde,*  
*Shall euer find such faith so bought so solde.*  
Reward him thorowly.

*A shoute the Cornets giuing a florish.*

*Han.* What meanes this shoute?

*Asd.* *Hanno* tis don: *Scyphax* reuolt by this  
Hath securd Carthage: and now his force come in  
And ioynde with vs giue *Massinissa* charge,  
And assured slaughter: O ye powers forgiue,  
Through rottenst dung best plāts both sprout & liue  
By blood vines grow. *Ha.* But yet thinke *Asdruball*  
Tis fit at least you beare greefes outward showe,  
It is your kinsman bleedes: what neede men knowe.  
Your hand is in his wounds, tis well in state,  
To doe close ill; but voide a publique hate.

D

*Asd.*

## The Tragedy of Sophonisba.

*Asd.* Tush *Hanno* let me prosper let routs prate,  
My power shall force their silence or my hate.  
Shall skorne their idle malice: men of waight  
Know, he that feares enuy let him cease to raigne,  
The peoples hate to some hath bin their gaine.  
For howso ere a Monarke faines his partes,  
Stealeanie thing from Kinges but subiects hartes.

*Enter Carthalo leading in bound Gelloso.*

(firme

*Ca.* Gard, gard the campe, make to the trench stand

*As.* The Gods of boldnes with vs, how runs chance?

*Ca.* Think, think how wretched thou canst be, thou art,  
Short wordes shall speake long woes: *Ge.* marke *Asdruball.*

*Ca.* Our bloody plot to *Massinissas* eare  
Vntimely by this Lord was all betraide.

*Ge.* By me, it was, by mee vile *Asdruball*,  
Lioy to speakt. *As.* Downe slaue. *Ge.* I cannot fall.

*Car.* Our traines disclofd, straight to his well vsde armes  
He tooke himselfe, rose vp with all his force,  
On *Syphax* careles troupes (*Syphax* beeing hurried  
Before to Cirta feareles of successe  
impatient *Sophonisba* to inioy.)

*Gelloso* rides to head of all our squadrons

Commandes make stand in thy name *Asdruball*,

In mine, in his, in all: dull rest our men,

Whilst *Massinissa* now with more then fury,

Chargeth the loose and much amazed rankes,

Of absent *Syphax*: who with broken shoute,

(In vaine expecting Carthage secondings)

Giue faint repulse: a second charge is giuen

Then looke as when a Fawcon towrs aloft

Whole shoales of foule and flocks of lesser birdes,

Crouch fearefully and diue some among sedge,

Some creepe in brakes: so *Massinissas* sword

Brandisht aloft, tolld'bout his shining cask,

Made stoope whole squadrons, quick as thought he strikes,

Here hurles he dartes: and there his rage strong arme,

Fights foote to foote: heere cryes he strike: they sinke

And



*The Tragedie of Sophonisba.*

And then grim slaughter followes, for by this  
 As men betraide, they curse vs, dye, or flye, or both  
 Of ten fixe thousand fell: Now was I come  
 And straight perceiue all Bled by his vile plot.  
*Ge.* Vile? good plot, my good plot *Asdruball.*  
*Ca.* I forced our army beat a running march,  
 But *Massinissa* strooke his spurs apace  
 Vpon his speedy horse, leaues slaughtering  
 All flye to *Scipio* who with open rankes  
 In view receaues them: All I could effect  
 Was but to gaine him. *As.* Dye. *Ge.* Do what thou can,  
 Thou canst but kill a weake old honest man.  
*Car.* *Scipio* and *Massinissa* by this strike (*Gelloso departs guarded*  
 Their clasped palmes, then vow an endles loue,  
 straight a ioynt shoute they raise, then turne they breastes  
 Direct on vs march strongly toward our campe  
 As if they darde vs fight, O *Asdruball.*  
 I feare theile force our campe, *As.* Breake vp and flye,  
 This was your plot. *Ha.* But 'twas thy shame to choose it.  
*Car.* He that forbids not offence he dos it.  
*As.* The curse of womens wordes go vvith you: fly,  
 You are no villaines, Gods and men, vvich vvay?  
 Aduise vile thinges. *Ha.* Vile? *As.* I. *Ca.* Not? *By.* you did al  
*As.* Did you not plot? *Car.* Yeelded not *Asdruball*?  
*As.* But you intic'd me. *Ha.* Hovv? *As.* With hope of place.  
*Car.* He that for vvealth leaues faith is abiect. *Ha.* base  
*As.* Do not prouoke my svvord, I liue. *Ca.* More shame.  
 T'out liue thy virtue and thy once great name.  
*As.* Vpbraide yee me? *Ha.* Hold. *Car.* Knowv that only thou  
 Art treacherous: thou shouldst haue had a crowne.  
*Ha.* Thou didst all, all he for vvhome mischiefes don  
 He dos it. *Asd.* :--- Brode skorne oppen faind povvers  
 Make good the campe, no, fly, yes, vvhat? vvild rage,  
 To be a prosperous villane yet some heate some hold,  
 But to burne temples and yet freefe, O cold,  
 Give me some health, now your bloud sinkes: thus deedes  
 Illnourisht rot, without Ioue naught succedes. *Exeunt.*

*Actus Secundi. Finis.*

## The Tragedy of Sophonisba.

Organ mixt with Recorders for this Act.

Actus Tertii, Scena Prima.

*Syphax* his dagger twon about her haire drags in *Sophonisba* in hir nightgowne petticoate and *Zambis* & *Vaugue* following.

*Sy.* Must wee intreat? sue to such squeamish eares,  
Know *Syphax* has no knees, his eyes no teares,  
Inrag'd loue is senseles of remorse,  
Thou shalt, thou must. Kings glory is their force.  
Thou art in *Cirta*, in my Pallace Foole  
Dost thinke he pittie the teares, that knowes to rule.  
For all thy scornfull eyes thy prond disdain,  
And late contempt of vs now weele reuenge,  
Breake stubborne silence: looke Ile tack thy head  
To the low earth, whilst strength of too black knaues,  
Thy limbes all wide shall straine: praier fitteth slaues.  
Our courtship bee our force: rest calme as sleepe,  
Els at this quake, harke, harke, wee cannot weepe.  
*So.* Can *Sophonisba* bee inforc'd? *Sy.* Can? see,  
*So.* Thou maiest inforce my body but not mee. *(armes)*  
*Sy.* Not? *So.* No. *Sy.* No? *So.* No off with thy loathed  
That lye more heauy on me then the chaines,  
That weare deepe wrinckles in the captiues limbes  
I do beseech thee. *Sy.* What? *So.* Be but a beast,  
Be but a beast. *Sy.* Do not offend a power  
Can make thee more then wretched: yeelde to him  
To whome fate yeeldes: Know *Massinissa* dead,  
*So.* dead? *Sy.* dead. *So.* To Gods of good men shame  
*Sy.* Help *vague* my strong blood boiles. *So.* O saue  
thine owne (yet) fame.  
*Sy.* All appetite is deafe, I will I must,  
Achilles armour could not beare out lust.  
*So.* Hold thy strong arme and heare my *Syphax* know,  
I am thy seruant now: I needes must loue thee

For



*The Tragedy of Sophonisba.*

For (O my sex forgiue) I must confesse,  
Wee not affect protesting feeblenes.  
Intreats faint blushings, timorous modesty,  
We thinke our loue is but little man,  
Who is so full of woman: Know faire Prince  
Loues strongest armes not rude: for we still proue  
Without some fury thers no ardent loue.  
We loue our loues impatience of delay,  
Our noble sex was onely borne t'obay  
To him that dares commaund. *Sy.* Why this is well.  
Th'excuse is good: wipe thy faire eyes our Queene,  
Make proud thy head now feeble: more frendly strenght  
Of thy Lordes arme: come touch my rougher skin.  
With thy soft lip *Zanthia* dresse our bed,  
Forget ould loues and clip him that through blood,  
And hell acquir's his Wish thinke not but kisse,  
The flourish fore loues fight is *Venus* blisse.  
*So.* Great dreadfull Lord by thy affection  
Grant mee one boone, know I haue made a vow,  
*Sy.* Vow: what vow? speake. *So.* Nay if you take offence  
Let my soule suffer first and yet. *Sy.* offence?  
Not *Sophonisba*, hold, thy vow is free,  
As:-----come thy lips. *So.* Alas crosse misery  
As I do wish to liue / long to inioy,  
Your warme imbrace, but O my vow tis thus,  
If euer my Lord died I vowed to him,  
A most, most priuate sacrifice, before  
I touched a second spouse: all I implore.  
Is but this liberty: *Sy.* This goe obtaine  
What time *So.* One hower. *Sy.* sweet good speed speed  
Yet *Syphax* trust no more then thou maist view. (adew  
*Vangue* shall stay *So.* He stayes.

*Enter a Page* deliuering a letter to *Sopho.* which shee  
priuately reads.

*Sy. Zanthia, Zanthia*

Thou art not foule, go to, some Lords are oft

*The Tragedy of Sophonisba.*

So much in loue with their knowne Ladyes bodies,  
That they oft loue their vails, hold, hold thou'lt find,  
To faithfull care Kinges bounty hath no shore,

*Za.* You may do much. *Sy.* But let my gold do more.

*Za.* I am your creature. *Sy.* Bee, get, tis no staine

The God of seruice is howeuer gaine. *Exit.*

*So. Zanthia,* where are we now? speak worth my seruice

Ha wee don well? *Za.* Nay in haight of best.

I feard a superstitious virtue woulde spoile all,

But now I finde you aboute woemen rare,

Shee that can time her goodnesse hath true care

Of hir best good. Nature at home beginnes

She whose integritye her selfe hurts finnes.

For *Massinissa*, hee was good and so,

But hee is dead, or worse, distressed, or more

Then dead, or much distressed, O sad, poore.

Who euer held such friendes: no let him goe

Such faith is praisd, then laught at, for still knowe,

Those are the liuing woemen that reduce,

All that they touch vnto their ease and vse.

Knowing that wedlock, virtue or good names,

Are courses and varietyes of reason

To vse or leaue as they aduantage them

And absolute within themselues repose,

Onely to *Greatnes* Ope, to all els close.

Weake sanguine fooles, are to their owne good nice

Before I held you vertuous but now wise.

*So. Zanthia* victorious *Massinissa* liu's.

My *Massinissa* liues: O steddy powers

Keepe him as safe as heauen keeps the earth,

Which lookes vpon it with a thousand eyes,

That honest valiant man and *Zanthia*,

Doe but recorde the iustice of his loue,

And my for euer vowes, for euer vowes.

*Za.* I true Madam: nay thinke of his great minde

His most iust heart his all of excellence

And such a virtue as the Gods might enuy

Againe this *Syphax* is but; --- and you know.

Fame



*The Tragedy of Sophonisba.*

Fame lost what can be got that's good: for: So. hence  
Take nay with one hand. *Za.* My seruice. *So.* Prepare  
Our sacrifice. *Za.* But yeeld you, I or no?  
*So.* Whē thou dost know. *Za.* what thē? *So.* then thou wilt know  
Let him that would haue counsell voide th' aduice *Exit Zanthia*  
Of friendes made his with waighly benefites  
Whose much dependance onely itriues to fit  
Humor not reason, and so still deuise  
In any thought to make their frieud seeme wise  
But aboue all O feare a seruants tounge,  
Like such as onely for their gaine to serue  
Within the vaste capacitye of place  
I know no vilenes so most truly base.  
Their Lordes, their gaine: and he that most will giue,  
With him (they will not dye: but) they will liue,  
Traitors and these are one: such slaues once trust  
Whet swords to make thine own blood lick the dust.  
*Cornets and Organs playing full musick. Enters the solemnity of a sacrifice, which beeing entred whilst the attendance furnish the Altar Sopho. Songe: which don shee speaks.*  
Withdraw, withdraw *Alibut Zanthia & Vangue depart*  
I not inuoake thy arme thou God of sound  
Nor thine, nor thine, although in all abound.  
High powers immense: But *Iouiall Mercury*  
And thou O brightest femall of the sky  
Thrice modest *Phæbe*, you that iointly fit  
A worthy chastity and a most chaste witte  
To you corruptles *Hunny*, and pure dewe  
Vp breathes our holy fier. Words iust and few  
O daine to heare if in poore wretches cries  
You glory not: if drops of withered eyes  
Bee not your sport, bee iust: all that I craue  
Is but chaste life or an vntainted graue.  
I can no more: yet hath my constant tounge  
Let fall no weakenes, tho' my heart were wrung  
VVith pangus worth hell: whilst great thoughts stop our tears  
Sorrowe vnseene, vn pittied inward wears.  
You see now where I rest, come is my end.

*The Tragedy of Sophonisba.*

Cannot heauen, virtue, against weake chance defend?  
V When weakenes hath outborne what weakenes can,  
V What should I say tis Ioues, not sinne of man.  
Some stratagem now let wits God be showne,  
Celestiall powers by miracles are knowne.

I hau't tis don. *Zanthia* prepare our bed  
*Vangue* *Va.* Your seruant. *So.* *Vangue* we haue performd  
Due rites vnto the dead.

*Sopho* : presents a carous to *Vangue* & & &.

Now to thy Lord great *Syphax* healthfull cups: which don,  
The King is right much welcome.

*Va.* V Vere it as deep as thoght off it should thns--he drinks  
*So.* My safety with that draught.

*Va.* Close the vaults mouth least we do slip in drinke,

*So.* To what vse gentle *Negro* serues this caue

Whose mouth thus opens so familiarly,

Euen in the Kings bedchamber? *Va.* O my Queene

This vault with hideous darkenes and much length

stretcheth beneath the earth into a groue

One league from Cirta (I am very sleepey)

Through this when Cirta hath becue strong begirt

V Vith hostile siedge the King hath safely scaped

To, to, *So.* The wine is strong. *Va.* strong? *So.* *Zanthia*

*Za.* V What meanes my princes? *So.* *Zanthia* rest firme

And scilent, helpe vs: Nay do not dare refuse.

*Za.* The *Negros* dead. *So.* No drunke. *Za.* Alas, *So.* Too late,  
Her hand is fearefull whose mindes desperate.

It is but sleepe *Opium* he hath drunke,

Helpe *Zanthia*, They lay *Vangue* in *Syphax* bed & draw the cur-

taines, there lye *Syphax* bride, a naked man is soone vndrest;

There bide dishonoured passion they knock within, forth-  
with *Syphax* comes.

*Sy.* V Vay for the King. *So.* Straight for the King: I flye

V Where misery shall see nought but it selfe.

Deere *Zanthia* close the vault when I am sunk

And whilst he slips to bed escape be true

I can no more, come to me: Harke Gods, my breath (scends  
Scornes to craue life graunt but a well famde death she de-

*Enter*



## The Tragedie of Sophonisba.

*Enter Syphax ready for bedd.*

*Sy.* Each man withdraw, let not a creature stay  
Within large distance. *Za.* Sir? *Sy.* hence *Zanthia*,  
Not thou shalt heare, all stand without care-reach  
Of the soft cries nice shrinking brides do yeeld  
When--- *Za.* But Sir-- *Sy.* Hence-- stay, take thy delight  
Thinke of thy joyes, and make long thy pleasures, (by steps,  
O silence thou dost swallow pleasure right,  
Wordes take avway some sense from our delight;  
Musique: be proud my *Venus*, *Mercury* thy tong,  
*Cupid* thy flame, boue all O *Hercules*  
Let not thy backe be wanting: for now I leape  
To catch the fruite none but the Gods should reap

*Offering to leape into bed, he discovers Vangue.*

Hah! can any woman turne to such a Diuell?  
Or: or: *Vangue*, *Vangue*-- *Van.* Yes, yes. *Sy.* speake slaue,  
How camst thou here? *Van.* Here? *Sy.* *Zanthia*, *Zanthia*,  
Wher's *Sophonisba*? speake at full, at ful,  
Giue me particular faith, for know thou art not----  
*Za.* Your pardon just mou'd prince & priuat eare  
*Sy.* Ill actions have some grace, that they can feare  
*Va.* How cam I laid? which way was I made drūk?  
Where am I? think, or is my state aduanc'd?  
O *Ioue* how pleasant is it but to sleepe  
In a kings bed! *Sy.* Sleepe there thy lasting sleep  
Improuident, base, o're-thirsty slaue. (*Sy.* *killes Va.*  
Dy pleas'd a kings couch is thy too proud graue.  
Through this vault sayst thou? *Za.* As you giue me grace  
To liue, tis true. *Sy.* We will be good to *Zanthia*;  
Go cheare thy Ladie, and be priuate to vs.

*She descends after Sophonisba.*

*Za.* As to my life. *Sy.* I'll vse this *Zanthia*,  
And trust her as our dogs drin kdangerous Nile,  
only for thirst, the *Flie* the *Crocodile*:  
Wife *Sophonisba* knowes loues trickes of art,  
Without much hindrance, pleasure hath no hart;  
E Dispight

*The Tragedy of Sophonisba.*

Dispightall vertue or weake plots I must  
Seauen waled *Babell* cannot bear out lust

*Descends through the vault.*

*Scena Secunda. Cornets sound Marches. Enter Scipio and Lelius  
with the complements of a Roman Generall before them,  
At the other dore, Massinissa and Ingurth.*

*Ma.* Let not the virtue of the world suspect  
Sad *Massinissas* faith : nor once cōdemne  
Our just reuolt : *Carthage* first gaue me life,  
Hir ground gaue food, hir aire first lent me breath

*The Earth was made for men, not men for Earth.*

*Scipio* I do not thanke the Gods for life,  
Much lesse vile men, or earth: know best of Lords;  
It is a happy being breath well fam'd,  
For which *Ioue* sees these thus; Men be not foold  
With piety to place: traditions feare,

*Aiust mans contry Ioue makes euery where.*

*Sci.* Well vrgeth *Massinissa*, but to leaue  
A Citie so ingrate, so faithlesse, so more vile  
Then ciuill speach may name, fear not, such vice  
To scourge is heauens most gratefull sacrifice.  
Thus all confesse first they haue broke a faith  
To the most due, so just to be obseru'd  
That barborousnes it selfe may well blush at them  
Where is thy passiō? they haue shar'd thy crowne  
Thy proper right of birth; contriu'd thy death.  
Where is thy passion? giuen thy beauteous spouse.  
To thy most hated riual: statue, not man,  
And last thy freind *Gelosso* (man worth Gods)  
Wth tortures haue they rēt to death. *Ma.* O *Gel.*  
For thee full eyes *Sci.* No passion for the rest.

*Ma.* O *Scipio* my greefe for him may be exprest  
But for the rest silence & secret anguish (by teares.  
Shall wast: shall wast: -- *Scipio* he that can weepe,  
Greeues not like me priuate deepe inward drops  
Of bloud: my heart--for Gods rights giue me leaue  
To be a short time *Man.* *Sci.* stay prince. *Ma.* I cease;

*Forgiue*



*The Tragedie of Sophonisba.*

Forgiue if I forget thy presence : *Scipio*  
 Thy face makes *Massinissa* more then man,  
 And here before your steddy power a vow  
 As firme as fate I make : when I defilt  
 To be commaunded by thy virtue, (*Scipio*)  
 Or fall from friend of *Romes*, reuenging Gods  
 Afflict me worth your torture : I haue giuen  
 Of passion and offaith my heart. *Sci.* To counsel  
*Greefe fits weake hearts, reuenging virtue men.* (then  
 Thus I thinke fit, before that *Syphax* know  
 How deeply *Carthage* sinkes, lets beat swift march  
 Vp euen to *Cirta*, and whilst *Syphax* snores  
 With his, late thine-- *Ma.* With mine? no *Scipio*,  
*Libea* hath poyson, aspes, kniues, & to much earth  
 To make one graue, with mine? not, she can dye,  
*Scipio*, with mine? *Ioue* say it thou dost lie.  
*Sci.* Temperance be *Scipios* honor. *Le.* Cease your  
 She is a woman. *Ma.* But she is my wife. (strife  
*Le.* And yet she is no god. *Ma.* And yet she's  
 I do not prayse Gods goodnes but adore. (more  
 Gods cannot fall, and for their constant goodnesse  
 (Which is necessited) they haue a crowne  
 Of neuer ending pleasures : but faint man  
 (Framd to haue his weaknes made the heauens glo-  
 ry)  
 If he with steddy vertue holdes all seidge  
 That power, that speach, that pleasure, that full  
 A world of greatnes can assaile him with, (sweets  
 Hauing no pay but selfe wept miserie,  
 And beggars treasure heapt, that man Ile prayse  
 Aboue the Gods. *Sc.* The *Libean* speakes bold  
*Ma.* By that by which all is, *Proportion*, (sense  
 I speake with thought. *Sci.* No more. *Ma.* Forgiue my  
 You toucht a string to which my sense was quick, (admiration  
 Can you but thinke? doe, do; my greefe! my greefe  
 Would make a *Saint* blaspheme : giue some releefe,  
 As thou art *Scipio* forgiue that I forget,  
 I am a Soldier; such woes *Ioues* ribs would burst,  
 Few speake lesse ill that feele so much of worst.

## The Tragedie of Sophonisba.

My eare attends *Sci.* Beefore then *Syphax* ioine  
With new strength'd *Carthage*, or can once vnwind  
His tangled sence from out so vilde amaze  
Fall we like suddeine lightning fore his eyes;  
Boldnesse and spead are all of victories.

*Ma.* *Scipio*, let *Massinissa* clip thy knees;  
May once these eyes vew *Syphax*? shall this arme  
Once make him feele his sinue? O yee Gods  
My cause, my cause! Iustice is so huge odds  
That he who with it feares, Heauen must renounce  
In his creatiō. *Sci.* Beat then a close quicke march  
Before the morne shall shake cold dewes through skyes,  
*Syphax* shall tremble at *Romes* thicke allarmes.

*Ma.* Yee powres I challenge conquest to iust armes,  
*With a full florish of Cornettes they depart.*

### Actus Tertii

#### FINIS.

---

Organs Violls and Voices  
*play for this Act.*

### Actus Quarti Scena Prima.

*Enter Sophonisba and Zanthia as out of a caues mouth*

*So.* Where are wee *Zanthia*? *Za.* *Vangue* said the caue  
Op'ned in *Belos* forrest. *So.* Lord how sweete  
I sent the ayre? the huge longe vaultes close vaine,  
What dumps it breathd? In *Belos* forrest sayst?  
Be valiant *Zanthia*; how farr's *Vtica*  
From these most heauy shades? *Zan.* Ten easy leages.  
*So.* Thers *Massinissa*, my true *Zanthia*  
Shals venture nobly to escape, and touch  
My Lordes iust armes: Loues winges so iustly heaue  
The body vp, that as our toes shall trip  
Ouer the tender and obedient grasse,  
Scarfe any drop of dew is dasht to ground.

And



## The Tragedie of Sophonisba.

And see the willing shade of friendly night  
Makes safe our instant haste: Boldnesse and speede  
Make actions worst impossible succede.

Za. But Madam know the forrest hath no way  
But one to passe the which holds strictest gard.

So. Doe not betray me *Zanthia*. Za. I Madam. So. No  
I not mistrust thee, yet, but, Za. Here you may  
Delay your time. So. I *Zanthia* delay

By which we may yet hope, yet hope, Alas  
How all be numd's my sense *Chaunce* hath so often  
I scarce can feele: I should now curse the Gods {struck  
Call on the furies: stampe the patient earth  
cleave my streachd cheeks with sound speake from  
But loud and full of players eloquence (all sense

No, no, What shall we eate. Za. Madam ile search  
For some ripe Nuts which *Autumn* hath shook down  
From the vnleau'd Hasel, then some cooler ayre  
Shall lead me to a spring: Or I will try  
The courteous pale of some poore forrestres,  
For milke. So. Exit *Zanthia*. Do *Zanthia*, O happinesse,  
Of those that know not pride or lust of citty,

*There's no man blest but those that most men pittie.*  
O fortunate poore maides, that are not forc'd,  
To wed for state nor are for state diuorc'd!  
Whome policy of kingdoms doth not marry,  
But pure affection makes to loue or vary,  
You feele no loue, which you dare not to shew,  
Nor show a loue which doth not truely grow:  
O you are surely blessed of the skie,  
You liue, that know not death before you die,

*Through the vauert mouth in his night gowne, torch in his  
hand, Syphax enters inst behind Sophon.*

You are: Sy. In *Syphax* armes, thing of false lip,  
What God shall now release thee, So. Art a man?  
Sy. Thy limbs shall feele, despite thy vertue know  
I'll thred thy richest pearle: this forrests deafe,  
As is my lust: *Night* and the God of *scilence*,  
Swels my full pleasures, no more shalt thou delude,

*The Tragedie of Sophonisba.*

My easie credence Virgin offaire brow,  
Well featurde creature, and our vtmost wonder,  
Queene of our youthfull bed be proud,  
*Syphax setteth away his light, & prepareth tin'brace Soph.*

Ile vse thee, *Sopho snatcheth out her knife.*

So. Look thee, view this, show but one strain of force  
Bow but to sease this arme, and by my selfe,

Or more by *Massinissa* this good Steele,  
Shall set my soule on wing, thus forme Gods see,  
And men with Gods worth enuy nought but me.

Sy. Doe strike thy breast, know being dead, Ile vse,  
With highest lust of sense thy senselesse flesh,

And euen then thy vexed soule shall see,

Without resistance, thy trunk prostitute,

Vnto our appetite. So. I shame to make thee know,

How vile thou speakest: *Corruption* then as much,

As thou shalt doe: but frame vnto thy lusts,

*Imaginations vtmost sin: Syphax,*

I speake all frightles, know I liue or die

To *Massinissa*, nor the force of fate

Shall make me leaue his loue, or flake thy hate.

I will speake no more,

Sy. Thou hast amazde vs, Womans forced vse,

Like vnripe fruites, no sooner got but waste,

They haue proportion, colour but no taste,

Thinke *Syphax* --- *Sophonisba* rest thine owne,

Our Guard, *Enter a Guard.*

Creature of most astonishing vertue,

If with faire vsage, loue and passionate courtings,

We may obtaine, the heauen of thy bed,

We cease, no fute from other force be free.

VVe dote not on thy body, but loue thee,

So Wilt thou keep faith? Sy. By thee & by that power

By which thou art thus glorious, trust my vow,

Our guard, conuay the roialst excellence

That euer was cald *Woman*, to our Pallace,

Obserue her with strict care: So. Dread *Syphax* speak

As thou art worthy: is not *Zambis* false?

Sy.



*The Tragedy of Sophonisba.*

Sy. To thee shee is .So. As thou art then thy selfe  
Let hir not bee. Sy. Shee is not.

*The guard seizeth Zanthia.*

Za. Thus most speed when two foes are growne friends  
Partake rs bleed. Sy. When Plants must flourish  
Their manure must rot. So. Syphax bee recompenced.  
I hate thee not.

*Sopho. Exit.*

Sy. A wasting flame feedes on my amorous blood  
Which wee must coole or dye? what way all power,  
All speech full Opportunity can make,  
We haue made fruitles trial. Infernall Ioue,  
You resolute Angels that delight in flames,  
To you all wonder working spirites I flie  
Since heauen helps not, deepest hell weele trie.

Here in this desert the great soule of Charmes,  
Dreadfull *Erichtho* liues whose dismall brow,  
Contemnes all roofes or ciuill couerture.  
Forsaken graues and tombes the Ghosts forced out  
Shee ioyes to inhabit.

*Infernall Musicke plaies softly whilst Erichtho enters and when she speaks ceaseth.*

A loathsome yellowe leanness spreads hir face  
A heauy hell-like palenes loades hir cheekes  
Vnknowne to a cleare heauen: but if darke windes,  
Or thick black cloudes driue back the blinded stars  
When her deepe magique makes forc'd heuen quake  
And thunder spite of Ioue. *Erichtho* then  
Frō naked graues stalkes out, heaues proud hir head  
With lōg vnkēde haire loaden, and strines to snatch  
The *Nights* quick sulphar: then she bursts vp tombes  
From half rot searcloaths then she scrapes dry gums  
For hir black rites: but when she findes a corse  
New graud whose entrailes yet not turne  
To fly my filth with greedy hauock then  
she makes fierce spoile: & swels with wicked triumph  
To bury hir leane knuckles in his eyes  
Then doeth she knaw the pale and or'egrowne nailes  
From his dry hand : but if she find some life  
Yet lurking close she bites his gelled lips,

And

*The Tragedie of Sophonisba.*

And sticking her blacke tongue in his drie throat,  
She breathes dire murmurs, which inforce him beare  
Her banefull secrets to the spirits of horror.  
To her first sound, the Gods yeeld any harme,  
As trembling once to heare a second charme,  
She is: *Eri.* Here *Syphax* here, quake not, for know  
I know thy thoughts, thou wouldst entreat our power,  
Nice *Sophonisba's* passion to enforce  
To thy affection be al full of *Ioue*,  
Tis done, tis done, to vs heaue earth, sea, aire,  
And Fate it selfe obayes, the beastes of death,  
And all the terrors angry Gods inuented,  
(T'afflict th' *ignorance of patient man*),  
Tremble at vs: the roulde vp snake vncurlde,  
His twisted knots at our affrighting voice,  
Are we incensd? the King of flames grows pale,  
Least he be choakde with blacke and earthy fumes,  
Which our charms raise: Be ioi'd, make proud thy lust  
I do not pray you Gods, my breathes: *You must.*  
*Sy.* Deepe knowing spirit, mother of all high  
Misterious science, what may *Syphax* yeeld,  
Worthy thy art, by which my soule's thus easde,  
The Gods first made me liue, but thou liue pleasde.  
*Eri.* Know then our loue, hard by the reuerēt ruines  
Of a once glorious temple rearde to *Ioue*,  
Whose very rubbish (like the pittied fall,  
Of Vertue much vnfortunate) yet beares,  
A deathlesse Maiesty though now quite rac'd,  
Hurl'd downe by wrath, and lust of impious Kings  
So that where holy *Flamins* wont to sing,  
Sweet Hymns to heauen, there the daw and crow,  
The ill voic'd Rauen, and still chattering Pie:  
Send out vngratefull sound, and loathsome filth,  
Where statues and *Ioues* acts were viuely lim'd  
Boyes with blacke coales, draw the vaild parts of nature,  
And lecherous actions of imagine lust,  
Where tombes and beauteous urns of well dead men.  
Stoode in assured rest, the shepherd now,



## *The Tragedie of Sophonisba.*

Vnloads his belly : Corruption most abhord  
Mingling it selfe with their renowned ashees,  
Our selfe quakes at it.  
There once a *Charnel* house, now a vast caue,  
Ouer whose brow a pale and vnt rod groue  
Throwes out her heauy shade, the mouth thick armes  
Of darksom *Ewe*, (Sun prooffe) for euer choake  
Within rests barren darknesse, fruitlesse drough  
Pines in eternal *Night* : The steame of *Hell*  
Yeeldes not so lasie ayre : there that's my cell  
From thence a charme which *Ioue* dare not here twice  
Shall force her to thy bed : but *Syphax* know  
Loue is the highest rebell to our art.  
Therefore I charge thee by the feare of all  
Which thou knowest dreadfull, or more, by our selves,  
As with swift hast she passeth to thy bed,  
And easie to thy wishes yeelds : speake not one word,  
Nor dare as, thou dost feare thy losse of joyes  
T'admit one light, one light, *Sy*. As to my Fate  
I yeeld my guidance. *Eri*. Then when I shall force  
The ayre to musicke and the shads of night  
To forme sweete sounds : make proud thy rais'd delight.  
Meane time behold I go a charme to reare  
Whose potent sound will force our selfe to feare.  
*Sy*. Whither is *Syphax* heau'd? at length shalls joy  
Hopes more desired then Heauen? Sweet laboring Earth  
Let Heauen be vnform'd with mighty charmes,  
Let *Sophonisba* only fill these armes.  
*Ioue* weele not enuie thee: Blouds appetite  
Is *Syphax* God : My wisdome is my sense,  
Without a man I hold no excellence.  
Giue me long breath yong beds and sicklesse ease  
For we hold firme thats lawfull which doeth please

*Infernall Musique softly.*

Harke, harke, now rise infernall tones  
The depe fetch'd grones

*The Tragedy of Sophonisba.*

Oflaboring spirits that attend

*Erichtho.*

*Eri.* *Erichtho.*

*within.*

*Sy.* Now cracke the trembling earth and send  
Shreekes that portend  
Affrightment to the Gods which heare

*Erichtho.*

*Eri.* *Erichtho*

*within*

*A treble Violl and a base Lute play softlyd within the Canopy.*

Harke harke, now softer melody strikes mute  
Disquiet nature : O thou power of sound  
How thou dost melt me. Harke, now euen Heauen  
Giues vp his soule amongst vs : Now's the time  
When greedy expectation strains mine eyes  
For their lou'd object : now *Erichtho* will'd  
Prepare my appetite for loues strict gripes  
O you dear founts of pleasure Bloud and Beauty  
Rayse actiue venus worth fruition  
Of such prouoking sweetnesse. Harke : shee comes,  
*A short song to soft Musique above.*  
Now nuptiall Hymes inforced Spirits sing  
Harke, (*Syphax*) harke :

*Cantant.*

Now Hell and Heauen ringes  
With Musique spigh of *Phæbus* : Peace :

*Enter Erichtho in the shape of Sophonisba, her face  
uailed and hasteth in the bed of Syphax.*

Shee comes :

Fury of blouds impatient : *Erichtho*  
Boue thunder sit ; to thee egregious soule  
Let all flesh bend. *Sophonisba* thy flame  
But equall mine, and weelee ioy such delight

*That*



## The Tragedy of Sophonisba.

That Gods shall not admire, but euen spight.

*Syphax hasteneth within the Canopy as to Sophonisbas bed*

Actus Quarti.

FINIS.

A Base Lute and a Treble Violl

*play for the Act.*

## Actus Quinti Scena Prima.

*Syphax drawes the curtaines and discovers Erichtho lying with him.*

Eri. Ha, ha, ha, Se. Light, light, Eri. Ha, ha,

Sy. Thou rotten scum of Hell---

O my abhorred heat ! O loath'd delusion !

*They leape out of the bed Syphax takes him to his sword*

Eri. Why foole of kings, could thy weake soule imagine

That t'is within the graspe of Heauen or Hell

To inforce loue ? why know Loue doates the Fates

One groanes beneath his waight : more ignorant thing,

Know we *Erichtho*, with a thirsty womb

Haue coueted full threescore Suns for bloud of kings,

We that can make enraged *Neptune* tosse

His huge curld lockes without one breath of wind :

We that can make Heauen slide from *Atlas* shoulder :

We in the pride and haight of couetous lust

Haue wisht with womans gredines to fill

Our longing armes with *Syphax* well strong lims :

And dost thou think if *Philters* or Hels charmes

Could haue inforc'd thy vse, we would hau' dam'd

Braine sleightes ? no, no, Now are we full

Of our deare wishes : thy proud heat well wasted

Hath made our lims grow young : our loue farwell,

Know he that would force loue, thus seekes his Hell.

*Erichtho slips into the ground as Syphax offers his sword to hir.*

Sy. Can we yet breath ? is any plagued like me ?

Are we ? lets thinke : O now contempt, my hate

To the, thy thunder, sulphure and scorn'd name.

## The Tragedie of Sophonisba.

He whose lifes loath'd, and he who breathes to curse  
His very being; let him thus with me

*Syphax kneeles at the Altar*

Fall fore an Altar sacred to black powers,  
And thus dare Heauens : O thou whose blasting flames  
Hurle barren droughes vpon the patient earth,  
And thou gay God of riddles and strange tales  
Hot-brained *Phebus*, all adde if you can  
Something vnto my misery ; if ought  
Of plagues lurk in your deepe trench'd browes  
Which yet I know not : let them fall like boltes  
Which wrathfull *Ioue* driues strong in'o my bosom,  
If any chance of war, or newes ill voyc'd,  
Mischeife vnthought of lurke, come gift vs all,  
Heape curse on curse, we can no lower fall.

*Out of the Altar the ghost of Asdruball ariseth.*

*Asd.* Lower, lower, *Sy.* What damn'd ayre is form'd  
Into that shape? speake, speake, we cannot quake,  
Our flesh knowes not ignoble tremblinges, speake,  
We dare thy terror : me thinkes Hell and fate  
Should dread a soule, with woes made desperate.

*As.* Know me the spirit of great *Asdruball*  
Father to *Sophonisba*, whose bad heart  
Made iustly most vnfortunate : for know  
I turn'd vnfaithfull, after which the feeld  
Chanc'd to our losse, when of thy men there fell  
6000 soules next fight of *Lybeans* ten.  
After which losse we vnto *Carthage* flying,  
Th'inraged people cride their army fell  
Through my base treason : straight my reuengefull fury  
Makes them persue me, I with resolute hast  
Made to the graue of all our Auncestors  
Whe re poyson'd, hop'd my bones should haue long rest.  
But see the violent multitude arriues  
Teare downe our monument, and mee now dead  
Deny a graue : hurle vs among the rockes  
To stanch beasts hunger ; therefore thus vngrau'd  
I seeke slow rest : now doest thou know more woes

And



## *The Tragedy of Sophonisba.*

And more must feele: Mortals O feare to sleight  
Your Gods and vowes: Iones arme is of dread might.

Sy. Yet speake shall I orecome approaching foes.

As. Spirits of wrath know nothing but their woes.

*Exit*

*Enter Nuntius.*

Nuu. My liedge, my liedge, the scouts of Cirta bring intelligēce  
Of suddaine danger, full ten thousand horse  
Fresh and well rid strong *Massinissa* leades  
As wings to Roman legions that march swift  
Led by that man of conquest, *Scipio*, Sy. *Scipio*  
Nu. Direct to Cirta.

*A march far off is heard.*

Harke their march is heard euen to the cittye.

Sy. Helpe, our guard, my armes, bid all our leaders march,  
Beate thicke allarms, I haue seene things which thou  
Wouldst quake to heare,

Boldnes and strength the shame of slaues bee feare.

Vp heart, hold sword: though waues roule thee on shelve,  
Though fortune leaue thee leaue not thou thy selfe.

*Exit arming*

*Scena Secunda.*

*Enter 2. Pages with targets & Ianelins Lelius & Iugurth with hol-  
berds Scipio & Massinissa armed Cornets sounding a march.*

Sc. Stand, *Ma.* Giue the word stand. So. Part the fyle. *Ma.* giue  
*Scipio* by thy great name, but greater vertue, (way  
By our eternall loue giue me the chance  
Of this dayes battle: Let not thy enuied fame  
Vouchsafe t' appose the Roman legions  
Against one weakened Prince of Lybea  
This quarrels mine: mine bee the stroke of fight  
Let vs and *Syphax* hurle our well forced dartes  
Each vnto others, breast, O (what should I say)  
Thou beyonde epithete thou whom proude Lords of fortune  
May euen enuye: (alas my ioyes so valte

## *The Tragedie of Sophonisba.*

Makes me seeme lost let vs thunder and lightning  
Strike from our braue armes, looke, looke, sease that hill,  
Harke he comes neare: From thence discerne vs strike  
Fyer worth Ioue, mount vp, and not repute  
Mee very proud tho wondrous resolute.  
My cause: my cause, is my bold hartning ods,  
That seuen fold shield, just armes should fright the Gods  
*Sci.* Thy words are full of honour take thy fate,  
*Mas.* Which wee do scorne to feare, to *Scipio* state  
Worthy his heart. Now let the forced brasse  
Sound on.

*Cornets* found a march *Scipio* leades his traine vp to the mount.

*Iugurth* claspe sure our caske  
Arme vs with care, and *Iugurth* if I fall  
Through this dayes malice, or our fathers finnes  
If it in thy sword lye, breake vp my breast  
And saue my heart that neuer fell nor's adue  
To ought but *Ioue* and *Sophonisba*. Sound  
Sterne hartners vnto woundes and blood, found loude  
For wee haue named *Sophonisba*.

So.

*Cornets a florish*  
*Cornets a march far of.*

Harke harke, hee comes, stand bloud, now multiply  
Force more then fury, found high, found high, wee strike  
For *Sophonisba*.

*Enter Syphax* arund his pages with shields & darts before *Cornets* founding marches.

*Sy.* For *Sophonisba*.

*Ma.* *Syphax.* *Sy.* *Massinissa.* *Ma.* Be twixt vs too  
Let single fight try all. *Sy.* Well vrgd, *Ma.* Well graunted  
Of you my stars as I am worthy you  
I implore aide, and O if angels waite  
Vpon good harts my *Genius* bee as strong  
As I am iust. *Sy.* Kinges glory is their wrong.  
Hee that may onely do iust act's a slaue

My



## *The Tragedie of Sophonisba.*

My Gods my arme, my life, my heauen, my graue  
To mee all end. *Ma.* Giue day Gods, life and death  
To him that onely feares blaspheming breath  
For *Sophonisba.* *Sy.* For *Sophonisba.*

*Cornets* found a charge *Massinissa* & *Syphax*  
combate, *Syphax* falles *Massinissa* vn-  
clasps *Syphax* caske & as reddy to kil  
him speakes *Syphax.*

*Sy.* Vnto thy fortune not to thee wee yeeld  
*Ma.* Liues *Sophonisba* yet vntaind, speake iust  
Yet ours vnforcd? *Sy.* Let my heart fall more low  
Then is my body, if onely to thy glory  
She liues not yet all thine. *Ma.* Rise, rise, cease strife.  
Heare a most deepe reuenge, from vs take life.

*Cornets* sounded a march *Scipio* & *Lelius* Enter,  
*Scipio* passeth to his thron *Massinissa*  
presets *Syphax* to *Scipios* feet  
*Cornets* sounding a flo-  
rish.

To you all power of strength: and next to thee  
Thou spirit of triumph borne for victory.  
I heaue these handes: March wee to *Cirta* straight,  
My *Sophonisba* with swift hast to winne  
In honor & in loue all meane is sinne, *Ex. Ma. & Ing.*  
*Sc.* As we are *Romes* great Generall thus wee presse  
Thy Captiue neck, but as still *Scipio.*  
And sensible of iust humanitie  
We weepe thy bondage: speake thou ill chanc'd man  
What spirit tooke thee when thou wert our friend  
(Thy right hand giuen both to Gods and vs  
With such most passionate vowes and solemne faith)  
Thou fledst with such most foule disloyalty  
To now weak *Carthage* strenghtning their bad arms  
who

*The Tragedy of Sophonisba*

Who lately scornd thee with all lothd abuse  
Who neuer intertaine for loue but vse  
*Sy. Scipio* my fortune is captiud not I  
Therefore Ile speake bold truth :nor once mistrust  
What I shall say, for now beeing wholly yours  
I must not faine, *Sophonisba* t'was shee  
T'was *Sophonisba* that solicited  
My forc'd reuolt, t'was hir resistles fute  
Hir loue to hir deare Carthage tic'd mee breake  
All fait h with men: t'was shee made *Syphax* false  
Shee that lou's Carthage with such violence  
And hath such mouing graces to allure  
That shee will turne a man that once hath sworne  
Himselfe on's fathers bones hir Carthage foe  
To bee that citties Champion and high friend  
Hir Himeneall torch burnt downe my house  
Then was I captiud when hir wanton armes  
There mouing claspt about my neck, O charmes  
Able to turne euen fate: but this in my true griefe  
Is some iustioy, that my loue sotted foe  
Shall sease that plague, that *Massinissa* breast  
Hir handes shall arme, and that ere long youle try  
Shee can force him your foe as well as I,  
*Sci. Lelius, Lelius*, take a choice troupe of horse  
And spur to Cirta . To *Massinissa* thus  
*Syphax* pallace, crowne, spoile citties sack  
Be free to him but if our new laughd friend  
Possesse that woman of so mouing art  
Charge him with no lesse waight then his deare vow  
Our loue, all faith, that hee resigne her thee  
As hee shall aunswere Rome will him giue vp  
A Roman prisoner to the Senates doome  
Shee is a Carthaginian, now our lawes  
VVise men preuent not actions, but euer cause  
*Sy.* Good malice, so, as liberty so deere  
Proue my reuenge: what I cannot possesse  
Another shall not: thats some happines.

*Exeunt the Cornets flourishing.*  
SCENA



## The Tragedy of Sophonisba.

*Scena tertia, The Cornets afar off sounding a charge, A Souldier wounded at one dore, Enters at the other Sophonisba, two Pages before her with lightes, two women bearing vpper her traine.*

*Sol.* Princes O flie, Syphax hath lost the day,  
And captiu'd elies, the Roman Legeons  
Haue seised the towne, and with inueterate hate,  
Make slaues or murder all: Fier and Steele,  
Fury and night hold all: faire Queene O flie,  
We bleede for Carthage, all of Carthage die. *Exit.*

*The Cornets sounding a March, Enter Pages with ianelings and Targets, Massinissa and Ingurth, Massinissas beauer shnt.*

*Ma.* March to the Pallace. So, What ere man thou art  
Of Libea, thy faire armes speake: giue hart,  
To amaze weakenes, heare her, that for long time,  
Hath scene no wished light. *Sophonisba,*  
A name for misery much knowne, tis she,  
Intreates of thy graced sword, this onely boone,  
Let me not kneele to Rome, for though no cause,  
Of mine deserues their hate, though *Massinissa,*  
Be ours to hart, yet Roman Generals  
Make proud their triumphs, with what euer captiues  
O tis a Nation which from soule I feare,  
As one well knowing the much grounded hate,  
They beare to *Asdrubal* and Carthage bloud,  
Therefore with teares that wash thy feet, with hands  
Vnusde to beg I claspe thy manlie knees,  
O saue me from their fetters and contempt,  
Their proud insults, and more then insolence,  
Or if it rest not in thy grace of breath,  
To grant such freedome, giue me long wished death,  
For tis not much loathde life, that now we craue,  
Onely an vnshamed death, and silent graue

*The Tragedie of Sophonisba.*

We will now daigne to bend for. *Ma.* Rarity

*Mas. disarmes his head.*

By thee and this right hand thou shalt liue free.

*So.* We cannot now be wretched. *Ma.* Stay the sword.

Let slaughter cease, Soundes soft as *Ledas* breast, Soft *Musique*,

Slide through all eares, this night be loues high feast,

*So.* O'rewhelme me not with sweetes, let me not drinke,

Till my breast burst, O *Ione* thy Nectar, thinke

*She sinkes into Massi. armes.*

*Ma.* She is orecome with ioy. *So.* Helpe, helpe to beare

Some happinesse yee powers, I haue ioy to spare,

Inough to make a God, O *Massinissa.* *Ma.* Peace,

A silent thinking makes full ioyes increase.

*Enter Lelius.*

*Le.* *Massinissa.* *Ma.* *Lelius.* *Le.* Thine eare. *Ma.* Stand off

*Le.* From *Scipio* thus: by thy late vow off faith,

And mutuall league of endles amity,

As thou respects his vertue or *Romes* force,

Deliuier *Sophonisba* to our hand,

*Ma.* *Sophonisba?* *Le.* *Sophonisba.* *So.* My Lord,

Lookes pale, and from his halfe burst eyes a flame,

Of deepe disquiet breakes, the Gods turne false,

My sad presage. *Ma.* *Sophonisba?* *Le.* Euen she,

*Ma.* Shee kilde not *Scipios* father nor his vnkle,

Great *Cneius.* *Le.* Carthage did. *Mas.* to her whats Carthages?

*Le.* Know twas her father *Asdrubal* strooke off

His fathers head, giue place to faith and fate,

*Ma.* Tis crosse to honor. *Le.* But tis iust to state,

So speaketh *Scipio*, doe not thou detaine,

A Roman prisoner, due to this great triumph,

As thou shalt answere Rome and him. *Ma.* *Lelius.*

We now are in *Romes* power, *Lelius,*

View *Massinissa* do, a loathed act,

Most linking from that state his hart did keepe,

Looke *Lelius* looke, see *Massinissa* weepe,

Know I haue made a vow more decre to me,

Then



*The Tragedy of Sophonisba.*

Then my soules endles being: she shall rest,  
Free from Romes bondage. *Le.* But dost thou forget,  
Thy vow yet fresh thus breathd: When I desist:  
To be commaunded by thy vertue: *Scipio,*  
Or fall from friend of Rome, Reuenging Gods,  
Afflict me with your torture. *Ma.* *Lelius* enough:  
Salute the Roman, tell him wee will act  
What shall amaze him. *Le.* Wilt thou yeeld her then?  
*Ma.* Shee shall ariue there straight. *Le.* Best fate of men,  
To thee. *Ma.* and *Scipio:* Haue I liude O Heauens,  
To be inforcedly perfidious?  
*So.* What vniust grieve afflicts my worthy Lord,  
*Ma.* Thanke me yee Gods, with much beholdingnes,  
For marke, I doe not curse you: *So.* Tell mee sweet  
The cause of thy much anguish. *Ma.* Ha, the cause?  
Lett's see, wreath backe thine armes, bend down thy necke,  
Practise base Praiers, make fit thy selfe for bondage,  
*So.* Bondage. *Ma.* Bondage, Roman bondage. *So.* No, No.  
*Ma.* How then haue I vowde well to *Scipio*?  
*So.* How then to *Sophonisba*? *Ma.* Right which way  
Runne mad impossible distraction,  
*So.* Deere Lord thy patience, let it maze all power,  
And list to her in whose sole heart it rests,  
To keepe thy faith vpright. *Ma.* Wilt thou be slau'd,  
*So.* No free. *Ma.* How then keepe I my faith? *So.* My death;  
Giu's helpe to all: From Rome so rest we free,  
So brought to *Scipio*, faith is kept in thee.

*Enter a Page with a boile of wine.*

*Ma.* Thou darst not die, some wine, thou darst not die,  
*So.* How neere was I vnto the curse of man, Ioye,  
How like was I yet once to haue beene glad:  
He that neere laught may with a constant face,  
Contemne *Ioues* frowne. Happineisse makes vs base.

*She takes a boile into which Mas. puts poison.*  
Behold me *Massinissa*, like thy selfe,  
A king and souldier, and I prece thee keepe,

*The Tragedie of Sophonisba.*

My last command, *Ma.* Speake sweet. *So.* Deere doe not weepe  
And now with vndismaid resolute behold,  
To saue *You, you,* (for honor and iust faith,  
Are most true Gods, which we should much adore)  
With euen disdainfull vigour I giue vp,  
An' abhord life. *She drinks.* You haue beene good to me,  
And I doe thanke thee heauen, O my stars,  
I blesse your goodnes, that with breast vnstaind,  
Faith pure: a Virgin wife, try'de to my glory,  
Idie of female faith, the long liu'de story,  
Secure from bondage, and all seruile harmes,  
But more most happy in my husbands armes. *She sinks*  
*Iug. Massinissa, Massinissa, Ma.* Couetous  
Fame greedy Lady, could no scope of glory,  
No reasonable proportion of goodnes  
Fill thy great breast, but thou must proue immense  
Incomprehence in vertue, what wouldst thou,  
Not onely be admirde, but euen adorde?  
O glory ripe for heauen? Sirs helpe, helpe, helpe,  
Let vs to *Scipio* with what speed you can.  
For piety make haste, whilst yet we are man.

*Exeunt bearing Soph. in a chaire,*

*Cornets, A March, Enter Scipio in full state triumphal or-  
namentes carried before him and Sy. bound at the other  
dore Lelius.*

*Sc.* What answers *Massinissa* will he send,  
That *Sophonisba* of so mouing tongs  
*Le.* Full of dismaid vnsteddines he stood,  
His right hand lookt in hers, which hand he gaue  
As pledge from Rome, she euer should liue free  
But when I entred, and well vrg'd this vow  
And thy command his great hart sunke with shame:  
His eyes lost spirite, and his heat of life,  
Sanke from his face, as one that stood benumbde,  
All mazde, t'effect, impossibilitics,  
For eyther vnto her or *Scipio*,

*Hee*



## The Tragedie of Sophonisba.

He must breake vow, long time he tosse his thoughts  
And as you see a snow ball being rolde  
At first a handfull, yet long bould about,  
Insensibly acquires a mighty globe,  
So his cold griefe through agitation growes,  
And more he thinkes, the more of griefe he knowes  
At last hee seemde to yeeld her. *Sy.* Marke *Scipio*,  
Trust him that breaks a vow? *Sci.* How thē trust thee?  
*Sy.* O misdoubt him not, when hee's thy slaue like me

*Enter Massinissa all in black,*

*Mas.* *Scipio*, *Sc.* *Massinissa*, *Ma.* Generall, *Sc.* King.  
*Mas.* Liu's there no mercy for one soule of Carthage  
But must see basenes? *Sc.* Wouldst thou ioy thy peace,  
Deliuier *Sophonisba* straight and cease,  
Do not graspe that which is too hot to hold,  
We gracethy griefe, and hold it with soft sense.  
Inioy good courage, but voide insolence,  
I tell thee Rome and *Scipio* daine to beare,  
So low a breast as for her say, we feare.  
*Ma.* Do not, doe not let not the fright of Nations  
Know so vile termes. Shee rests at thy dispose  
*Sy.* To my soule ioy, shall *Sophonisba* then  
With me go bound and waite on *Scipio*'s wheele?  
VVhen th' whole worlds giddy one man canot reele,  
*Ma.* Starue thy leane hopes, and Romans now behold  
A fight would sad the Gods? make *Phæbus* cold.

*Orgaine and Recorders play to a single voice: Enter in the mean time  
the mournful solemnity of Massinissas presenting Sophon. body:*

Looke *Scipio*, see what hard shift we make  
To keepe our vowe; here, take I yeeld her thee,  
And *Sophonisba* I keepe vow thou art still free.  
*Sy.* Burst my vext heart, the torture that most rackes  
An enimie, is his foes royall actes.  
*Sc.* The glory of thy vertue liue for euer,  
Braue heartes may be obscur'd, but extinct neuer.

*Scipio adorne Massinissa.*

Take from the Generall of Rome this crowne,  
This roabe of triumph, and this conquests wreath

## The Tragedie of Sophonisba.

This scepter, and this hand for euer breath,

Romes very minion: Line worth thy fame

As far from faintings as from now base name.

*Ma.* Thou whom like sparkling Steele the strokes of Chance

Made hard and firme; and like wild fier turnd

The more cold fate, more bright thy vertue burnd,

And in whole seas of miseries didst flame.

On thee lou'd creature of a deathlesse fame

*Massinissa adornes Sophonisba.*

Rest all my honour: O thou for whom I drinke

So deepe of greefe, that he must onely thinke,

Not dare to speake) that would expresse my woe,

Small riuers murmur, deepe gulfes silent flow,

My grieve is here, not here, heaue gently then,

Womens right wonder, and iust shame of men.

*Corness a short flourish. Exeuntque, manet Ma.*

## EPILOGVS.

And now with lighter passion, though with most iust feare

I change my person, and do better beare

Aothers voyce, who with a phrase as weak

As his deseris now will d me, (thus form'd) speake,

If wordes well senc'd, best suting subiect graue,

Noble true story may once boldly craue,

Acceptance gracious, if he whose fiers,

Enuy not others nor him selfe admires,

If see ans exempt from ribaldrie or rage,

Of taxinges indiscreet, may please the stage,

If such may hope applause, he not commandes

Yet cranes as due, the iustice of your hands

But freely he protests how ere it is,

Or well or ill, or much, not much amisse,

With constant modesty he doth submit,

To all, saue those, that haue more tongue then wit.

After all, let me intreat my Reader not to taxe me, for the fashion of the Entrances and Musique of this Tragidy, for know it is printed onely as it was presented by youths, & after the fashion of the priuate stage. Nor let some easily amended errors in the Printing afflict thee since thy owne discourse will easily set vp right any such vneuenes.



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Marston, J.